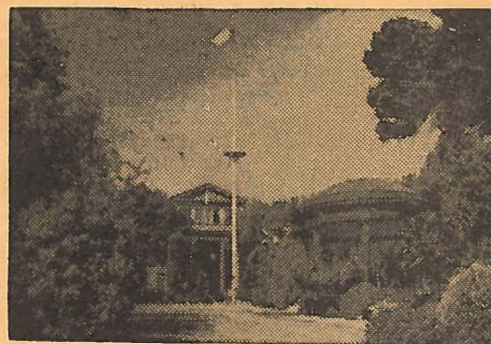


The Hospitalog

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL
Mare Island, Vallejo, California

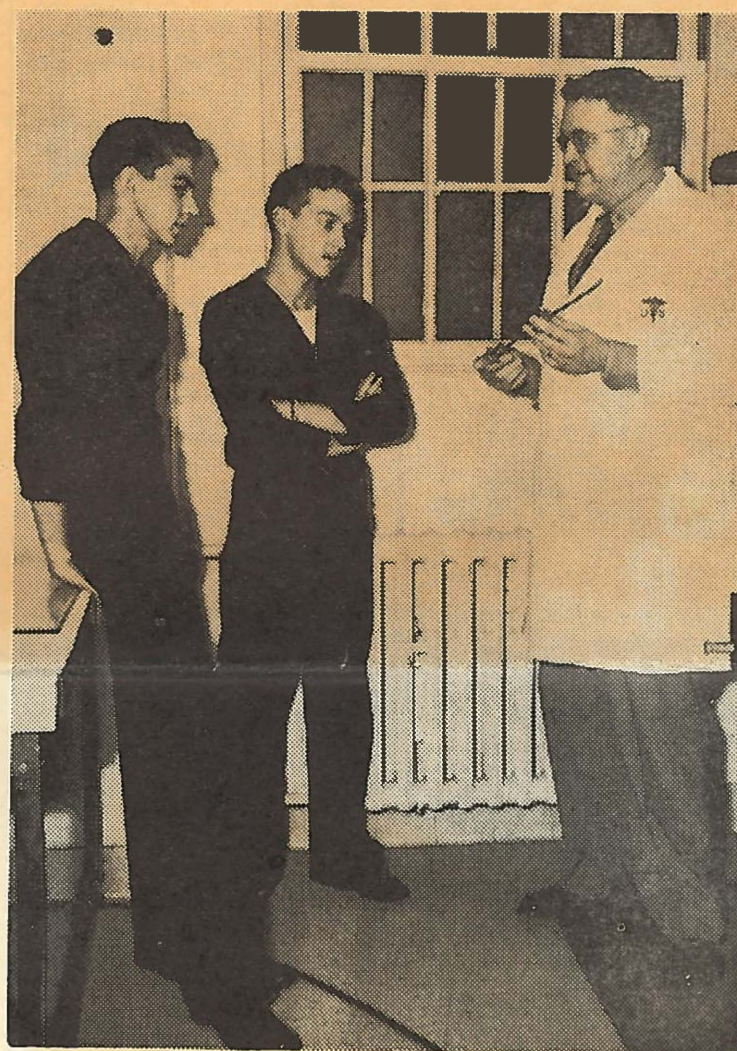
Vol. 4 No. 8

AUGUST, 1949



The above twenty-six high school diplomas represents a large portion of our Educational Service's work during the spring term. In the background is ESO's working "Battery," left to right, Mrs. Jeannette Parkin, instructor; Chief Wells, counsellor; Mrs. Leona Stockwell, instructor. These diplomas were received from the Vallejo Junior College.

Also during the spring term, forty hours of college credit were completed with our two Vallejo J. C. instructors.



J. Tinker, R. Fitzke and Comdr. Curtis.

NSLI Dividend Forms Ready August 29; Payment January, 1950

WASHINGTON (AFPS)—Some 16 million servicemen and veterans of World War II, present and former holders of National Service Life Insurance policies, will apply for their share of the \$2,800,000,000 NSLI special dividend beginning August 29.

The Administrator of Veterans Affairs, Carl R. Gray, Jr., announces that on that date, 70 million application blanks will be ready at every post office, Veterans Administration Office, and at veterans service organizations throughout the nation.

FIRST PHASE COMPLETE

At the same time Gray announced completion of the first phase of the huge insurance dividend operation, that of photographing by means of highspeed microfilming machines, the last of more than 22 million premium record cards.

In making samples of the application cards available to the press and radio, Mr. Gray warned that the cards may not be reproduced for distribution, since they will be-

come a part of the permanent records of the VA, and are printed on a special paper and sized to fit computing machines. Any forms other than those distributed by the VA will not be processed.

The Veterans Administrator said that all the veteran must do is to obtain the application, fill out the card completely and mail it to the Veterans Administration. The form is self-addressed.

In the event a veteran does not know his policy number, application can be identified by military serial number, rank and exact name used during term of service. Present members of the Armed Forces should include ASN, rank and present or-

ganization, Army, Navy, Air Force, etc.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

The Veterans Administration emphasized that it's not necessary to write about your insurance number, or the status of your application. To do so will delay your payment and obstruct the production line.

Payments will start in January, 1950, therefore it is desirable applicants furnish the VA with a permanent mailing address. If your address changes, notify your postmaster of your forwarding address. Do not contact the Veterans Administration. Any change of address made to the VA in connection with application will also cause delay in payment of dividend to you.

A course for the training of hospital corps personnel in Urological Technique has been established at this and four other Naval Hospitals.

The course is of six months' duration and is designed to teach the students enrolled therein the various techniques and procedures employed in a Urological service. These include X-Ray, Surgical, Cystoscopic, and Ward Urological procedures and completion of the course the students techniques. Upon the satisfactory will be issued certificates as qualified Urological Technique Technicians.

The first class was convened at this hospital on 18 May, 1949. It consists of TINKER, J. C., HN., USN and FITZKE, R. C., HN., USN.

The Hospitalog

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL

MARE ISLAND

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

Circulation 2,000

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Desk of "The Hospitalog" is located in the Welfare and Recreation Office on the First deck of Owen Naval Center. Telephone: 8398. Contributions from staff and patients are welcome.

OLD TIMERS



Mr. Paul Wurdig



Chief W. H. Crews

Mr. Paul Wurdig is the old timer this month on the civilian side. A well known and respected Old Timer he is at that.

Mr. Wurdig is Foreman Mechanic of Mare Island Naval Hospital, which means he has in his charge anything to do with maintenance—got some plumbing trouble? Does your roof have holes in it? Do you need a new office built? Submit a chit to Mr. Wurdig's office and he will see that it gets done in a quick and efficient way.

Mr. Wurdig is an electrician by trade, which he has worked at most of his career. He started his training as an apprentice here on Mare Island. After his training and a few years of work on the yard he was assigned to the Hospital where he has worked ever since. That was way back in 1922. After working 12 years in a most efficient way he was appointed chief mechanic of Mare Island Hospital by SecNav. By June, 1943 he had received the grade of Foreman Mechanic in which capacity he now serves.

Mr. Wurdig is a native of California, born in Sebastopol and now lives in Vallejo. He is married and has one son, who is a "Hot Rod" enthusiast. This is where Mr. Wurdig also spends many of his off hours, dreaming up new ways to make his son's "Hopped Up Job" go 1 mile faster.

As for the future Mr. Wurdig has no extensive plans other than to stay right on working here at Mare Island Hospital until it comes time for him to retire, which he says will be some time yet.

Chief "Lefty" Crews is the old timer for the staff this month.

Chief Crews is a Southern boy, born in Cartalian Springs, Tennessee where he spent most of his time until he joined the Navy in 1926 when he was 20 years old.

He joined the Navy in Nashville, Tennessee and was sent to Boot Camp at Norfolk, Virginia. After completing his boot training he was sent to Hospital Corps School Portsmouth, Virginia. When he had completed his schooling and received his hospital training at Norfolk Naval Hospital he received his first sea duty on the U.S.S. Wright.

The U.S.S. Wright held the fleet championship in baseball with "Lefty" doing the pitching honors.

Chief Crews has played an active part in sports all through his naval career. He played on the U.S. Naval Hospital Washington, D.C. team and he pitched this team to an all-city championship in 1930.

Chief Crews arrived at Mare Island Naval Hospital to attend the Orthopedic appliance School, which he has completed, and is now working there.

Chief Crews managed the Mare Island Softball Team during the first half of the season. However, due to school work and family responsibilities, was forced very reluctantly to give up this activity. His team were unanimous in their praise of his work with them and sorry to lose him. The Chief is married; has one daughter, and the family occupies quarters at North Housing.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

"LIFE'S BIG MOMENT"

One of the most disheartening experiences in life is to hear the ravings of a man who is waiting for the arrival of his "big moment." He doesn't exactly know what it will be, but

he is certain that it will be some stupendous stroke of luck that will set him on top of the world. Any kind of big moment will do, just so that it fill his shabby life with a fizz of importance and security.

In the meantime he will not be bothered with education, nor be hindered by doing small jobs. He is certain that success in life comes through lucky breaks, and he intends to be ready to jump when the big moment comes his way. In the meantime he practices being the big shot that the big moment will surely make him.

As the years go by, and the big moments begin to fall into the laps of plodders whom he had considered as small timers, he begins to feel that something is wrong—that other people don't understand him, that everyone is picking on him. He may take a job, but he doesn't pay much attention to it as he knows the job is way beneath him. He is saving himself for the big

moment that will be his lucky break.

Have you met these people who believe that big moments are lucky breaks? People who never could understand that a big moment is the sum total of millions of tiresome little moments of study, application, drudgery, sacrifice, and discipline?

Christ speaks of the Kingdom of Heaven as being the Supreme Big Moment in the life of a man. Perhaps some men are content to wait and waste in the delusion that Heaven is just a lucky break that they can grab ahold of at the end of life. Any man can trust his life to luck if he so desires. However, it seems more probable that Heaven is the sum total of all the little moments of faith in Christ that prepares a man daily for the Greatest Moment of his life.



Chaplain Vitz

DIVINE SERVICES

Catholic Mass—

Sunday Mass:

St. Peters Chapel - - 0815

Hospital Chapel - - 0930

Confessions before Mass.

Daily Mass in Oratory—

Mon. thru Saturday - 1200

Novena Devotions—

St. Peters Chapel

Tuesday Evening - - 1915

1st Friday of the Month—

Public Exposition of

Blessed Sacrament—

Hospital Oratory - -0630 to 2100.

Protestant Worship—

Sunday,

Ward 24 - - - 0830

Ward 1-4 - - - 0930

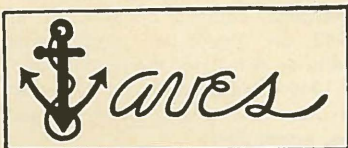
Hospital Chapel - - - 1030

Daily—

Prayer of the Chimes for the sick—

Hospital Chapel - - - 1615

FAREWELL



By JEAN SHARPE, HM1

This by-line really ought to be in neon lights, as they gypped me last time. I ask you, how can I send the paper home if my name isn't in print?

You remember that song "one little, two little, three little Indians . . . Well, we were four little Indians, (not a Chief in the crowd) until June 30th. But Pete isn't going to re-Pete. She's trading in her Blues for civies, and now we have the "blues." You know it's true. . . "You never miss the water till the well runs dry." She certainly managed, in her quiet, refined, lady-like little manner to affect many people in a scabies sort of way. She gets under your skin. I know how very much they will miss her in the Record office. Her work was always top-notch, she was dependable, tireless and reliable. The same thing goes for our Quarters. Our domestic bliss will be sadly shattered. It was she who kept us on the ball on Field Day. Even when you wanted to, you didn't dare sit down when she'd be marching about with steel wool and buffers, turning on the vacuum under your feet, tidying this and straightening that. But it's what we needed. I only hope we can keep up the good work when she's gone. The Navy is losing a very fine gal, but I suppose civilian life has its points. Maybe Pete will catchum Mate, and I don't mean a Pharmacist's Mate.

We've had a few house guests lately. First, Lee Green, HMC, from Oak Knoll, visited a couple of days on the tail end of her leave. Lee

replaced Miss Metcalfe in O.T. sometime last year when Miss M. went on leave. She is reputed to be extremely clever in her field. I, however, encouraged her to flaunt her artistry in our galley. She said she liked to cook, and people should do what they like. Besides, it was nice to have little snacks all prepared for you.

Guest No. 2 wasn't exactly Visiting Royalty, but actually on duty in a two weeks' training status. Miss Edith King, Lt. (jg) MSC, worked in the Lab., and helped to get them out of the red. That is, she had something to do with the blood. Did a fine piece of work in the short time she was here, too.

Our third visitor brought an aura of orange blossoms and romance with her. Mary Gamble, HN from USNH, San Diego, came up to marry Vic Maurantonio, a corpsman on Ward 25. Father Follard married them at St. Peter's. Miss Lux stood up for Mary, and George Erickson, another corpsman, for Vic. We had rather hoped that Mary could get transferred up here. She would have been a splendid addition to OB or Family Section as she had had some nurses training before entering the service, and seemed unusually enthusiastic and conscientious about her duties. But, love finds a way. Mary is out of the Navy already and residing at Guadalcanal. Much nicer for them.

Honorary members of my column this month are Mrs. Lampport and Mr. Southard. They may be a little out of character in the WAVES news, but Mrs. L. caused something of a ripple of excitement when she burst forth as a Grand-mama, and Mr. S. certainly created a splash when he fell on his dignity and broke a leg. He gets about on crutches better than most people do on their own. I'm glad they don't treat people like horses. We would miss Mr. Southard.

MAN OF THE MONTH

One of the most deserving of praise and mention is a quiet, unassuming, hard-working little fellow who bears the distinguished title of Woodson Riley Smith, better known as "Smitty." He is the brains, power and tireless energy behind the Pharmacy. This is no easy child's job, and our Professor Smith handles it like a veteran. In one day he can turn out quantities of drugs and preparations needed for the wards and the outpatients. He plods away among calamine lotion, Dobell's solution, anodyne capsules (if I knew Materia Medica better this would be fancier) and various and sundry concoctions, among them the best cold cream I ever used . . . it's just like the real stuff you buy . . . all the while singing away some Tennessee ditty about cotton-eye Joe . . . "I woulda got mar-

ried a long time ago." It doesn't make much sense, but he works better when he sings. The subject of discussion will no doubt be greatly embarrassed when he sees this, but I think that even men should be glorified when they deserve it.

Well, this potpourri has gone on much too long. Might get rationed next time. See you later.



By "SKIP" WELLS, HN USN

With the onset of the summer season love has fallen, momentarily, on a few of the corpsmen around the compound.

Jim Jensen, has given his heart to one Ann Jenkins, of Vallejo. They plan a marriage sometime in December, so I've been told, so the best of luck to you both. Funny how things get around—huh Jim?

Dick McCall, still has a burning flame in his eye for "Winnie" — is that the cause for all this sudden eye watering, Mack?

To change the subject from cupid to bachelors, we have K. B. Roberts, Fred Huddelston, and "Smoe" Robinson, still high on the list of eligibles. Just think that only two months ago, or so, all three musketeers came back from leave happily engaged. My what time and distance can do—what say, fellas?

On the other hand, Lee Rowe, who seems to be as satisfied as an income tax refund, has found that going out on "blind" dates brings about better luck than dating officers daughters—willing to try anything more than once, Rowe?

"Hambone" Myers, recently added another number to the population of Vallejo. What! No cigars? Oh, well! Congrats anyway.

A few week-ends back, a few of the fellas visited the various beaches of Northern California, in need of this wonderful "cure-all" sunshine. Among them, one incident in particular, is interesting. Corpsmen Hastings and Lambert travelled down Santa Cruz way and took in some of the more noted beach wear. All of you know the definition of beach fashion this year, don't you? It's everything exposed to the sun except the eyes. The following Monday I asked Lambert if he missed anything while he was in Santa Cruz. After a brief thought he replied meekly—"Temptation." Hmm!

My apologies to Mel Fuller for my accusation of having a dance instructor at the staff picnic teaching him to dance. All right Mel,

so she wasn't teaching you how to dance.

The sports corner this month brings up a big problem confronting the Hospital Softball team. In the second round robin the boys from the hospital neatly dropped one to the U.S.S. Pelias' team 16 to 3, and another to the Yard Barracks, 13 to 9, leaving the Hospital Team with a 4.0 flop, so far. Congratulations to Danbacker and Norwood, though, for some shining bits of fielding and also to a new man to the squad, Harmer, who pounded out a triple, towards the end of the Yard Barracks game.

This month's Cascara coated A.P.C. goes to R. E. Lord for his fine idea of a 20-year man: 1 year in—19 years out.

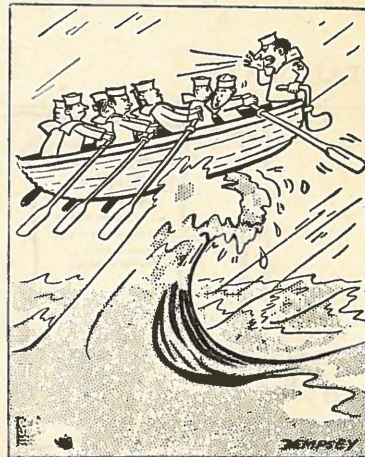
The eighteen new additions to the corpsmen here are: Allen, H. J.; Zable, H. L.; Bialos, E. B.; Bellingsley, B. L.; Gordon, R. T.; Hale, L. D.; Hunt, R. A.; Kaiser, H. J.; Kolb, R. N.; Bristow, I. E.; McLeod, C. T.; Poole, J. A.; Spencer, P. D.; Tracy, G. A.; Wallis, J. E.; Cavaday, C. E.; Welch, R. D.; Ingle, W. H. By the time this issue of Corpsmen's chatter is out more corpsmen, including many one year men, will have been discharged. Recent departures from the Hospital are:

Merle Ewton, to Dental School, San Diego; John Pruitt, discharged from service; Bill Manes, to USNH at Memphis, Tenn., for duty; Henry Hostetter, to Dental School, Bethesda, Md.; Earl Cooper, to Motion Picture School, San Diego; Houston Blackwell, to O. R. School, USNH, Oakland; George Hancer, O. R. School, USNH, Oakland.

A few of the corpsmen have been turning in on Ward 16 for treatments lately. They are Chase True, Tom Davis, and Roger Tafoya. Hope all of you are feeling well and are back on the duty status real soon.

The more fortunates, who have obtained leave are: "Pappy" Myers; "Waxy" Wachsmann; Elven Estrem; Cosby Lauderback; Don Weaver; and Don Storms.

In tearing the month of July off the calendar remember, things that burn us up, burn us out. See me.



"Stroke!"

YOU CAN'T WIN

The history of wagering is replete with unbelievable stories. Some are fantastic; most are tragic.

It is doubtful whether we will ever again hear tales to match those about John W. (Bet-a-Million) Gates, who tossed pennies for \$1,000 a turn, wagered \$50,000 on a poker hand and hundreds of thousands on the horses.

For the era of high-wide-and-handsome public betting is fast passing, and even Gates offered some remarkable advice before he died in 1911: "Don't gamble; don't play cards; don't bet on horse races; don't throw dice."

But gamblers who can't afford to wager on Gates' scale still spend considerable time attempting to devise "systems" for "beating" gambling games.

One of the most popular systems is called double progression (Martingale) betting. It calls for making a wager and then doubling its size after every loss—on the theory that eventually you're a winner and thereby recoup your losses and show a small profit.

There are two main reasons why this system is worthless: (1) a long series of losses will wipe out a player or force him to wager more than he can afford on the next event; (2) gambling establishments limit the size of wagers.

If you begin with a \$1 wager and suffered 25 losses in a row, you would lose over 33 million dollars—if you had that much.

Prolonged loss sequences are by no means unusual. Tragic Ending, an appropriately named horse, won a \$5,000 stake race in 1941, then lost 31 consecutive races. If you had wagered \$1 on Tragic Ending in his first loss and doubled the bet for each succeeding race, you would have lost \$2,147,483,647.

The unit progression system is no better than double progression betting. In the unit system you add one unit to the wager after each loss (from \$1 to \$2 to \$3, etc.).

However, after a sequence of more than three losses in a row in an even-money game, it is impossible

to recoup the money loss on previous wagers.

If you had bet on Tragic Ending under this system, you would have wagered \$31 on the 31st event and your total loss would have amounted to \$496.

The only system which will win consistently has been developed by gambling "operators" who determine in advance what odds to offer a specific number of bettors.

Consider the gambler who allows you to select one of two teams in a football game. You must put up \$6 to win \$5. Therefore every wager on Team A, he accepts an equal amount on Team B, with the same 6 to 5 odds put up by supporters of Team B.

If Team A wins the game, the bookmaker wins \$1; if Team B is victorious, the bookmaker wins \$1. Multiply such wagering and bookmaking by 1,000 and you'll see how lucrative it can be, to the professional bet-taker.

It becomes fairly obvious from the foregoing that you can't win. Later articles will further prove this point.



"Hey, Jeff! I think my helmet has sprung a leak."

A WORD ABOUT MARE ISLAND

The most generally accepted story as to the origin of the name Mare Island runs as follows: in the early days the only ferry boat in this vicinity was a crude one, made chiefly from oil barrels obtained from whaling ships and propelled by sails and oars. The ferry was devoted almost entirely to the transportation of cattle. One day while the ferry was coming from Martinez to Benicia, a sudden squall was encountered and the little craft pitched fearfully. The squall, coupled with the restlessness of the animals, caused the upset of the craft and the cargo was tossed into the bay. Some of the livestock were drowned and some managed to swim ashore. One of the horses, an old white mare, owned and greatly prized by General Vallejo, succeeded in effecting a landing on this island, and was rescued a few days later by the General. His happiness was reflected by his naming the place Mare Island.

In 1850 all possible sites on the Bay of San Francisco and nearby waters were examined with the view of selecting a suitable spot for a navy yard.

Mare Island was selected and purchased January 4, 1853 for \$83,491.00. In September of that year a dry dock sent out from the East was assembled. One year later, September 16, 1853 Commander David G. Farragut took command of the Island and was the first Commandant of the Navy Yard. Three days later the sloop of war, "Warren" came from San Francisco to be moored as storeship.

Since she carried a medical officer, Assistant Surgeon, John M. Browne, (considered by the hospital as its first Commanding Officer), the medical history of Mare Island dates from the time of the "Warren's" arrival. There were no accommodations ashore for the sick, so the ship acted as a dispensary. This continued till 1857 when the frigate, "Independence," took over the duties of

the "Warren." Weather conditions forced the abandonment of the gun deck as dispensary and in 1863 the needed temporary hospital was approved.

In 1868 a new and permanent hospital was put under construction. The main yard was completed and occupied in 1870. In 1898 the structure was badly damaged by an earthquake and was condemned. The present hospital was immediately put under construction, and by an act of Congress, the basement of the original hospital was utilized. The ground plan was therefore limited by the 1870 building.

At the outbreak of World War I, the maximum capacity of the main building was 212 beds.

At the outbreak of World War II the bed capacity was 486. This was increased by the addition of two ward buildings and with the use of double deck bunks the emergency bed capacity was increased to 1,545. The present capacity is 700 with an emergency capacity up to 1,155. In 1943 an amputation center was made an activity of the hospital and in 1949 a Neuropsychiatric Diagnosis Treatment and Training Center was established.

LAFF ALONG

"So you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine, fine. I've got the roof and mortgage on it, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in before fall."

"I'm sorry — I quite forgot your party the other evening."

"Oh, weren't you there?"

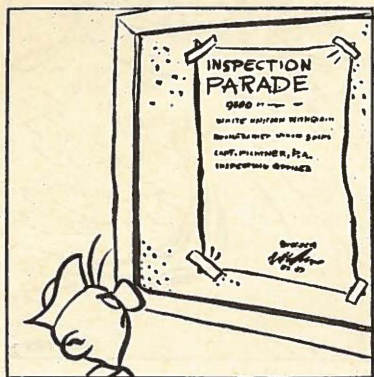
Jim: "You don't seem to think taken out, it would be a minor much of him."

Joe: "If he had his conscience operation."

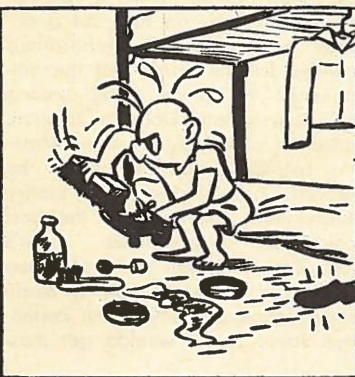
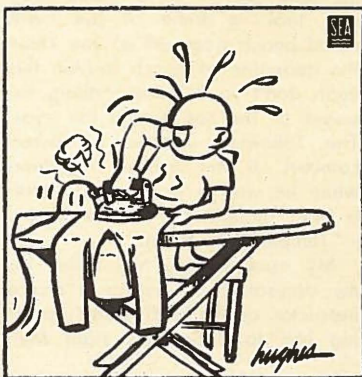
Hobo: "Lady, have youse got any old cast-off husband's clothing?"

Lady: "Why no—we're still living together."

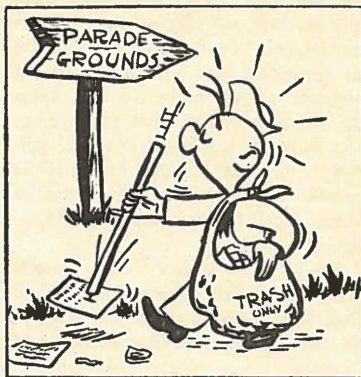
STALEMATE



Special Police



By Ed Hughes, LI3



Nurses NOTES

By LT. R. NESGIS, USN

HERE WE ARE AGAIN . . . with another nurses' column due and yours truly frantically scribbling to meet that dead-line. 'Tis said by some that nothing ever happens in the Quarters . . . but—



LT. R. NESGIS, USN

There's a group of nurses who apparently enjoy fishing, and it seems some of them are quite good at it, too. Several weeks ago at Clear Lake Lois Croskey caught the

prize . . . a four-pound bass!!!

Then there is that bridge group . . . the two Murphys, and the Misses Fleck, Stewart, Rawson, Allem and Kieler . . . My, My . . . any more Culbertsons in the place?

Tennis and golf seem to occupy a lot of some nurses' time, too, . . . I know one. E. Rawson by name, who will gladly play any afternoon, but she's rated as GOOD, so don't bet any money if you play!

With the Mess Bill increase, there are several groups of nurses who find the Officers Club a good place to have lunch . . . cantaloupe ala mode every day!

Bertha Burns, now Mrs. Jackson, is back at Mare Island on TAD . . . just waiting for that resignation to be official. Miss Aspleen is another. She is now Mrs. Nolan and to both we wholeheartedly extend our best wishes.

The two WAVE officers, so long a part of the Nurses' Quarters, are leaving the hospital to join the Inactive Reserves. Eugenie Metcalfe returns to her home in Sioux Falls, S. D., and Marion Fowler plans on remaining in the Bay Area.

We had the monthly cocktail party and this time it was especially to say Welcome Aboard to Lt. Carmen Sawyer from Bethesda, Lt. Margaret Scott from U.S.S. Repose, Lt. Bertha Burns from U.S.S. Mann, Lt. M. Brownstein and Lt. C. J. Shea from Honolulu, Lt. (jg) R. L. Kruse from Great Lakes and Lt. (jg) J. F. Halpin from Quantico, Va.

Farewell to: B. M. Maynard who goes aboard the U.S.S. Mann, Marge Durnwald with orders to Whidby Island, in Washington, Colene Lange and Sally Wright both to a civilian status and Happy

Birthday to: I. Shivers, E. Horning and V. Duerr.

By the time this paper comes out . . . Eva Allem, who has been assistant chief nurse here for the past three months, will be a civilian and on her way to Washington, D.C., where she will be busy getting ready for that September wedding. Eve has gained many friends during her short stay here and we all wish her much happiness.

Just in closing, I might add that Ship Service Stores must have been doing a bit of business this past month . . . as there seems to be quite a number taking advantage of last "minute" purchases before that sales tax goes into effect . . . or haven't you noticed all the watches, silverware and luggage that the kids seem to have recently purchased????

BOOK CART



Our librarian, Mrs. Weaver, has departed on two months' leave. She plans to spend this time with her husband traveling up the Alcan Highway.

While she is away, the library will be under the general supervision of Mrs. Racicot (Medical Librarian), with a Chief on duty to serve you.

Advisement and Guidance

A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE —

Sometimes knowledge of the future helps one to choose a job which is most likely to provide continuing employment. Here are a few predictions.

Over the next few years there probably will be an oversupply of new college graduates in the fields of engineering, law, accounting, business administration, personnel work, and journalism. Pharmacy may be added to this list. General liberal arts graduates will be particularly hard to place in industry.

On the other hand there will be continued shortages in such fields as teaching, nursing, medicine, dentistry, the medical service occupations and social work. In the field of teaching the great current need is for elementary teachers but in the 10-year period beginning in 1952, high school enrollments are expected to increase by more than one-third, creating additional needs for high school teachers.

There will also be openings in some jobs that do not require a

college education. For example, many veterans and other workers will find good job opportunities in oil fields and refineries during the next five to ten years. Petroleum production and refining together employ over 350,000 wage and salary workers in a wide range of occupations and in many different parts of the country. Earnings are relatively high and many of the jobs require considerable skill. The growing demand for petroleum and petroleum products is expected to result in slowly rising employment in the nation's oil fields and for continued advance in refinery output.

Do you know what is likely to be your future occupation? Do you have all the occupational information you should have?

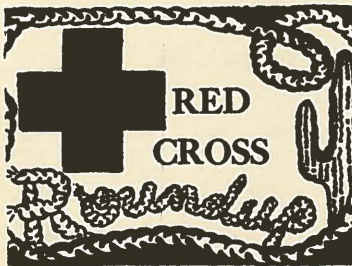
Vocational advisement is available here at the Hospital at no charge or obligation on your part.

See Mr. Maul, the Veterans Administration Vocational Adviser, in the Educational Services Building.

Educational Services

U. R. COGDILL, HA, a member of our staff recently received his high school diploma from his home school at Knoxville High, Knoxville, Tenn. Mr. Cogdill had completed most of his high school before entering the service. When his school received a statement of his service achievements, they granted him credits for his Basic Training and Hospital Corps School. These credits were enough to place him in the graduating class.

The above article on Mr. Cogdill is only one of the many ways a service man may complete high school while in the service. If you wish to complete high school, why not contact this office?



WEEKLY DOINGS at Red Cross Recreational Lounge, Owen Center, second deck: For those who wish to catch up on their fox trot, waltz, rumba, and for the hardy souls who wish to dance the samba, Miss White, Red Cross Recreation worker holds classes every Tuesday afternoon. For absolute beginners instruction is given at 2:00 p.m. No "kibitzers" are present at these sessions. The more advanced pupils brush up on familiar steps

and learn new ones at 3:15 p.m. We wish to remind amputee patients that the instruction formerly held on one of the orthopedic wards has been combined with these classes and are open to all patients. Come give it a try, you too, can be a Fred Astaire—maybe?

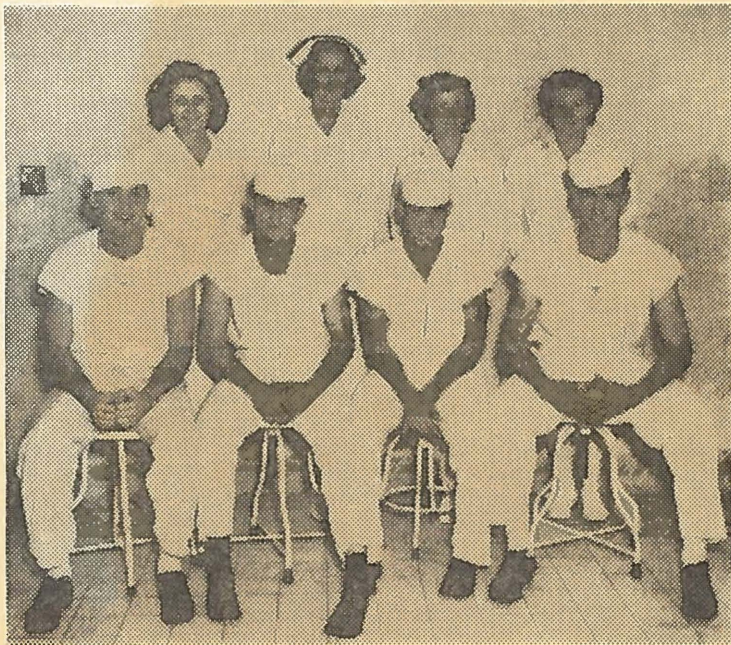
TESTING — ONE-TWO-THREE — come record your voice in the recreation lounge any Wednesday afternoon. Gray Ladies are on hand to help with the recording or to teach new card games. The lounge is also the scene of our Open House every Saturday and of the Coffee Hour on Sundays. Patients and their friends and relatives are welcome to relax and enjoy games, the radio or the Sunday "funnies."

Miss Anne Carter, psychiatric social worker, who joined our staff on July 5th, has had Red Cross experience in both the domestic and overseas programs.

During the war she was attached to the U. S. Army Hospital Ship Chateau Thierry which transported patients between Africa, Italy, and the United States. She was next assigned to the 155th General Hospital in England. Following this she had temporary duty at the 94th General Hospital in Paris before reporting to the Self Inflicted Wound Hospital attached to the Third Army, moving into Luxembourg and Germany. She returned to the 155th General Hospital until it was deactivated, and then was sent to Manila in October, 1945. From there she traveled to Sidney and Brisbane and assisted in the program designed to aid the Australian War Brides. When this program was completed she sailed on the S.S. Tiaping to Kure, Japan, and later Tokyo. She tells us that this ship was recently lost in the Yangtze River in China. After an assignment at the 10th General Hospital, Fort McKinley, Manila, she returned to the States in February, 1947, and reported to Letterman Hospital. In the fall of 1947 she returned to the University of California for further graduate work in social work, and received her M.A. degree in June, 1949.

Prior to the war she worked in the Disaster Service, as well as Home Service in Oregon and Washington. Although she has traveled thousands of miles on the seas, this is her first assignment to a Navy Hospital. Welcome aboard, Miss Carter.

Captain John Q. Owsley, former Executive Officer of this hospital, visited here for a few days during the latter part of July while enroute to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, where he will assume duty as Medical Officer in Command. Captain Owsley was recently Executive Officer of the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California.



Back row, left to right: W. Hamlett, M. Scott, E. Rawson, H. Turner.
Front row, left to right: R. C. Mitchell, H. L. Rasch, M. L. Fuller, J. N. Dowdell.

O. R. NOTES

How many of you know that the Catholic Oratory on second deck of the Administration Building was the first operating room that Mare Island had when the hospital opened in 1858? Today the operating suite is on the fourth floor of the Teen Building and has three main operating rooms, one instrument room, besides the dressing rooms, utility room, and a large "Work Room." At present, the carpenters are busy replacing the old marble decks for new grounded terrazzo ones . . . and, needless to say, since every department must have its day of justified turmoil, we now lay claim to ours.

The usual routine of the day starts at 0730 when the rooms are thoroughly dusted and sterile supplies with instruments are placed in each room for the day's surgery which generally commences about 0830. Meanwhile, doctors are changing to operating room apparel after which they rigidly scrub their hands and arms in preparation for the operation. During this time the patient has been brought to the operating room and the anesthetist is busy giving the necessary anesthetic. Finally, preparations are completed, lights focused, and the work of life and death quietly proceeds.

After the operations, rooms must be completely scrubbed down, clean linen exchanged, and sterile supplies replaced . . . SUPPLIES REPLACED . . . sounds simple . . . yet few realize that it involves the working hours of all personnel attached to the operating room . . . for here hinges the smooth, efficient co-ordination between doc-

tor, nurse, and corpsman. In no other place in the hospital is it as essential to have alert, anticipant personnel. The failure to replace one small suture or a little needle may cause valuable minutes of delay and add much to the patient's time in surgery. Instruments must be thoroughly washed by scrubbing with brushes, dried, and oiled after each operation. Linen must be checked and in some hospitals towels are even brushed to remove loose threads and lint. Operating room equipment must be constantly checked so as to be in good working condition and spotlessly clean at all times.

The actual responsibility for the supervision of adequately correct packed supplies, the care of the instruments and the general clean-



Captain Harris, new chief of surgery

liness of the surgery is placed on the operating room nurse. She, also, is responsible for the training of each operating room corpsman who enters the department. In Mare Island there are six—three on each watch. These boys not only work a long day but are frequently called out of their beds for emergencies. The two anesthetists deserve a word of cheer because they, too, have been standing port and starboard watches. However, this will be changed due to the welcome arrival of Lt. M. Scott from the U.S.S. Repose.

To try, even briefly, to describe the operating room without mentioning the Chief of Surgery would be like having a chapel without a minister since he is directly responsible for the governing policy of routines, attitudes, and practices which are carried out by the staff.

Our new Chief of Surgery is Captain Harris and there is no better time than now to say that the operating room staff takes this opportunity of wholeheartedly welcoming him aboard.



By BLANCHE L. PEAVEY

The dream is over, I've finally decided Hollywood and mink coats aren't for me—soo—I've torn up my contract with Sam and will be back to work when my leave is over. It's so nice though to be basking in the sun and thinking of you poor people in your stuffy offices. Haven't made plans for the day, but guess I'll go fishing and if you think I can't catch 'em, remember I am from Maine and as fish are caught in Maine so envies the nation.

(Hope Dr. Curtis sees this one.) Our trout and salmon are so big we bait our hooks with a three-pounder to catch the larger ones. Once I hooked a salmon so huge it dragged me a half mile through the water before I realized I wasn't riding a surf board. I came out though yelling, "Look Ma, I made it!" Do you know that poor old fish looked me in the eye, gasped a few times and said, "That's the first time I've fought my own weight and lost." Hmm, I guess after reading this story you'll realize fishing isn't all we do in Maine.

Joy Booras has left the Record Office and has been replaced by Mrs. Carol Caudle, formerly of N.A.D. Welcome to the force, Carol.

Emma Moniz has been displaced at Finance and is now employed at

Benicia Arsenal. Emma's the gal who passed out the green slips on pay day and if you were a good boy or girl, gave you an extra one.

Poor Jane Lampert had just settled down for a month's leave when she was called back to the office. Oh well, a week is nothing to be sniffed at. Better luck next time Jane.

Thought Ann Stanton of Finance had been chewing too much bubble gum but discovered she had the usual childhood malady, Mumps!

Eleanor Wagner, bless her little heart, has taken on additional duty while I'm on leave. Thanks friend—I know our thoughts right now are the same. I wore out three pairs of shoe leather trying to be two places at the same time. Of course, they kept a special watch on me for fear I might shut myself in a file cabinet. Accidents do happen! Especially to me.

This is the life to lead, my friends,
Out in the wide open spaces,
No letters to scan, no stamps to lick

And away from your horrible faces.

Away from the crabbing that's usually done,

By each in their own little way—I just sit back and relax and think This sure is a beautiful day.

It was Peavey this and Peavey that And here's a report that is due Well the log book's there—just jot it down

My worries are now up to you— Have you got extra memo's—is order ten out,

Where is the plan of the day— Send this to the files, where is the Lab?

To each I would smile and say— Here is your copy; the plan's in your box;

To the right, straight ahead— below

Dr. Shupp was just in, Dr. Sussex just left

And down through the list I would go—

I'd get home at night in a dither and whirl

At dinner I'd lick my plate I thought 'twas a letter I had to send out

Then I'd sit me down and I'd wait

I'd say, "Peavey, old girl, you're sure in a mess

You're way off your beam, my friend.

The glue on the stamps has increased your weight

From a hundred to a hundred and ten."

So I passed in a chit for a few days of grace

And lo and behold! Here I sit— Away from your faces, your gripes and your woes—

And would you believe—I like IT!